

BEAU BRUMMELL.

RICHARD MANSFIELD gave the Lincoln public on Monday evening a portrayal of one of the most interesting and unique characters of a period that was singularly productive of exaggerated types, of a time when the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, set the pace in a mad whirl of frivolity.

One writer has said that "a real leader of fashion must be a great man. Not good, perhaps, oftenest radically bad; shamming, if not truly exhibiting puerile weaknesses, mental obliquities; for the most part inordinately prone to love of self, and self alone; scornful of such qualities as men call great, noble, magnanimous, nevertheless abounding in some excellences as rare as they. A popular sovereign essentially. Reigning by tenure of most delicate fibre; no guards, no castles, no spirit of conservatism, not even a ray of gratitude to rely on in the hour of insurrection; everything, in short, against him—popular fickleness, ambitious rivalry, inevitable scandal, and, sooner or later, exhaustion of his own resources. Yet all the bow-strings and scimitars of Asia have not brought forth despots more confidently despotic than some men of fashion the world has seen."

George Brummell, called Beau, was such a man.

Beau Brummell, according to the capricious Lord Byron, was one of the three great men of the Nineteenth century, the other two being Napoleon and himself.

The son of a secretary of Lord North, his mother being the youngest child of a lottery office keeper, Brummell passes through childhood and reaches Oxford where, probably his snobbishness first began to develop. Here he met the Prince of Wales.

The beau's first establishment was not elaborate—at this time he had thirty thousand pounds, but it was elegant. "But one French cook; a single pair of bays; dinners rarely twice a week." But he speedily became the leader of fashion.

He outpriced the prince. He was the most important personage in the gay world. It is related that a duchess thought it necessary to warn her daughter to be careful of her behavior when "the celebrated Mr. Brummell" approached her. A lord considered himself well treated when Brummell gave him his arm from White's to Watier's. A creditor was paid by a bow.

On one occasion, it is said, he was asked to dinner by R—. "He wishes me to notice him," says Brummell, "but desired that I should make up the party myself; so I asked Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepont and a few others, and the affair turned out unique; there was every delicacy in and out of season; the celery was perfect, and not a wish remained ungratified, but, my dear sir, conceive my astonishment when I tell you that Mr. R— had the assurance to sit down and dine with us."

Such was his supremacy that he could say to a gentleman who offered him his carriage to go to a party, "But, my dear fellow, pray how are you to go? You would not like, perhaps, to get up behind? And yet it will hardly do for me to be seen in the same carriage with you."

Mr. Mansfield in the play brings in the famous remark to the future king of England, "Wales, ring the bell." This has never been fully authenticated. One version of the story is that he did make such a request, and that the prince complied, and, ordering Brummell's carriage, never spoke to him again. Another is that Brummell and Lord Moira were engaged in conversation at Carlton house when the prince requested the former to ring the bell, and that he replied: "Your Royal Highness is close to it."

That there was a rupture between Brummell and the prince, caused very likely by Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was trying to win favor with the prince, and who was miffed at the attentions Brummell was bestowing upon her rival, is an historic fact.

Afterward, the prince leaning on Lord Moira's arm, met Brummell walking with Lord Alvanley, and wishing to cut the beau, his Royal Highness stopped and spoke to Lord Alvanley without noticing his companion. When he turned Brummell was heard to say: "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?"

The decline of the King of Fashion was rapid after his rupture with the prince. Creditors who had waited for years pressed him, and he was finally forced to fly to Calais. He tried to renew his relations with George, now king, but in vain. For a brief time he was consul at Caen. This office abolished, he was left with absolutely no income. He was imprisoned for two months for debt at Caen, and soon afterward he had a stroke of paralysis. In his desolate apartment, assailed by hunger, he would imagine that he was

entertaining his friends of long ago. This farcical proceeding is described as follows: "On these gala evenings he desired his attendant to arrange the apartment, set out a whist table, and light the bougies (he burnt only one tallow at the time); and at eight o'clock his man to whom he had already given his instructions, opened the door of his sitting room and announced the 'Duchess of Devonshire.' At the sound of her grace's well remembered name, the beau, instantly rising from his chair, would advance toward the door and greet the cold air from the stairway as if it had been the beautiful Georgiana herself. The supposed visitor was received with all his former courtly ease of manner and the earnestness that the pleasure of such an honor might be supposed to excite. 'Ah! very dear duchess,' faltered the beau, 'how rejoiced I am to see you; so very amiable of you at such short notice! Pray bury yourself in this armchair; do you know it was a gift to me from the Duchess of York, who was a very kind friend of mine; poor thing! you know she is now no more.' Here the eyes of the old man would fill with the tears of idiocy, and sinking into the fauteuil himself, he would sit for some time looking vacantly at the fire until Lord Alvanley, Worcester, or any other old friend he chose to name was announced. At ten his attendant announced the carriages, and this farce was at an end."

There is a scene much resembling this in the play.

Beau Brummell died March 30, 1840.

THE CORBETT-JACKSON FIGHT.

John F. Sullivan, in discussing the proposed Corbett-Jackson fight, says: "I believe that the battle will take place, but I fear it will not be fought on American soil. England, I think, will secure the fight. My reasons for so believing are, first, that Corbett cannot afford to shirk a conflict with the only man at present in the ring who is a constant menace to his fistie supremacy; and secondly, that England is the only civilized country in which glove contests between champions can be surely pulled off. A champion has the right to name the time (so long as it be within a reasonable time) and place of battle.

"I don't blame Corbett for wishing to fight in his own country if he possibly can. But can he? I am afraid not. But he frankly adds that he will fight in another country if he finds that he cannot battle in his own. His suggestion about going to Mexico I do not think a good one. Corbett's peculiar actions of late do not, I think, indicate any disinclination upon his part to face the ebony-hued fighter.

"He is simply actuated by a desire to make hay while the sun shines. Were he to fight Jackson in June he would be obliged to go into training right away, and thus lose thousands of dollars in the show business. The people of England are eager to see the man who first overthrew your humble servant and then Mitchell.

"Corbett's and Brady's talk about a \$45,000 purse and insistence on a battle in America is simply for effect. Corbett and Brady simply wish to play American against British clubs.

"Should an American club offer \$40,000 or \$50,000 for the fight, they, knowing that a battle cannot take place in the United States, will prod an English club into giving a tidy sum like \$25,000 or \$30,000 for the fight. I venture to predict, too, that they will get it and fight across the water. It will be six months before they do battle.

"I thoroughly believe that Corbett is fully impressed with the conviction that he can beat any man in the fighting business to-day. He will enter the ring to face Jackson with all the confidence born of success. I'm not much stuck on Englishmen or English methods, but I believe that both men will receive fair play. They will in all likelihood, if they battle in London, fight at the National or Ormonde club, and the best men of England belong to these organizations.

"Barring accidents I think Corbett ought to win. He has the advantage in point of age, is shiftier on his feet and a little quicker and cleverer with his hands, and is away ahead at ducking.

"I do not believe that the winner will have an easy time of it. The battle, in my opinion, will be a hard, scientific one from start to finish, and it will last from about twenty to thirty rounds."

There are Sarsaparillas and Sarsaparillas; but if you are not careful in your purchase, the disease you wish to cure will only be intensified. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla and no other. It is compounded from the Honduras root and other highly concentrated alteratives.